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READERS

the SANDMAN™

Dream Country

Calliope

Neil Gaiman · Kelley Jones · Malcolm Jones

MAY, 1986.

I DON'T HAVE ANY IDEA.

SO WHAT *IS* IT? IT SMELLS QUITE DISGUSTING.

IT'S WHAT YOU WERE *ASKING* FOR. IT'S A *BEZOAR*.

HANG ON, I THOUGHT THEY WERE LIKE, PRECIOUS STONES?

MOST OF THEM ARE.

THIS IS A *TRICHINOBEZOAR*-- IT'S MADE OF HAIR. I CUT IT OUT OF A YOUNG WOMAN'S STOMACH THIS AFTERNOON. LOVELY LONG HAIR SHE HAD. TROUBLE WAS, SHE'D BEEN SUCKING IT, CHEWING IT--SWALLOWING THE HAIRS.

MUST'VE BEEN DOING IT FOR *YEARS*.

TECHNICALLY THAT'S KNOWN AS THE *RAPUNZEL* SYNDROME. ANYWAY, IT'S A BEZOAR. MISSION ACCOMPLISHED.

IT'S DISGUSTING. BUT *THANKS*. WHAT DO I *OWE* YOU, FELIX?

OH, NOTHING. IT WOULD ONLY HAVE BEEN *INCINERATED*, OR POPPED INTO A JAR FOR STUDENTS TO STARE AT. JUST DON'T TELL *ANYONE* WHERE YOU GOT IT.

AND, UM, I WAS WONDERING IF YOU'D *SIGN* THIS FOR ME?

SURE. NO PROBLEM.

CONVERSION BY WILDSTORM

THE CABARET OF DR. CALIGARI

For Felix Garrison with thanks, Richard Madoc

BY RICHARD MADOC

THERE YOU GO.

THIS IS *GREAT.* IT'S A REAL *THRILL* FOR ME, TO, YOU KNOW, BE ABLE TO DO SOMETHING FOR ONE OF MY HEROES. I *LOVED* THE BOOK. *AMAZING* STUFF.

SO, UM, WHAT DO YOU NEED THE BEZOAR FOR?

LIKE YOU WERE ASKING THE OTHER DAY--WHERE DO WRITERS GET OUR CRAZY IDEAS? HEH.

IT'S RESEARCH, REALLY.

I HEARD YOU WERE WRITING A SEQUEL TO *THE CABARET*-- I'M REALLY EXCITED.

OH. GREAT.

UH, THAT'S THE PHONE. LISTEN, THANKS AGAIN FOR THE THING.

NO PROBLEM. I KNOW HOW *BUSY* YOU ARE. I'LL JUST LET MYSELF OUT, THEN. 'BYE.

BREEP BREEP

HELLO? RICHARD MADOC SPEAKING.

OH. HI, HARRY.

RICK? IT'S HARRY. LISTEN, WE HAVE TO *TALK*. YOUR PUBLISHERS WERE ONTO ME AGAIN TODAY.

LISTEN, THE NOVEL'S ALMOST NINE MONTHS OVERDUE, AND THEY'RE THREATENING TO CAUSE TROUBLE. YOU'RE IN BREACH OF CONTRACT, RICK. IS IT FINISHED *YET?*

NEARLY FINISHED.

WELL, *HOW* MUCH HAVE YOU GOT TO GO?

IT'S *ALMOST* FINISHED, HARRY. YOU CAN'T RUSH THESE THINGS. ANOTHER COUPLE OF WEEKS, MAYBE, OKAY?

LISTEN, I'M *REALLY* BUSY. I'LL GET BACK TO YOU. OKAY?

HOW MUCH OF THE NOVEL HAVE I WRITTEN? HONESTLY?

NOTHING.

NOT A *WORD.*

RICHARD MADOC, TO SEE ERASMUS FRY.

WHO IS IT?

I'LL BE STRAIGHT DOWN.

ARE YOU ALONE?

YES. IT'S JUST ME. I'VE GOT IT.

WELL, COME *IN*, DEAR BOY. COME *IN*.

I'M *NOT* SORRY THAT I'M NOT DRESSED FOR VISITORS, WHEN YOU GET TO MY AGE, YOU DON'T GIVE A TOSS WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE. HEH.

DON'T JUST *STAND* THERE. COME IN.

HOW ARE YOU, M'BOY? WRITTEN ANYTHING PROFOUND AND STIRRING RECENTLY?

YOU *KNOW* I HAVEN'T, MR. FRY.

NO. WE'LL GO INTO MY STUDY, AND YOU CAN SHOW ME MY PRESENT.

AH-- AN EXCUSE FOR A SHERRY.

CHEAP STUFF, OF COURSE. I'M NOT WASTING THE *GOOD* STUFF ON A LITTLE SHIT LIKE YOU.

LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT BEZOARS. WORD COMES FROM THE PERSIAN. *PAD-ZAHR.* IT MEANS COUNTER-POISON. ANTIDOTE. MAINLY FOUND IN THE STOMACHS OF GOATS AND GAZELLES.

ONCE BELIEVED TO POSSESS MYSTIC POWERS : THEY CAN REMEDY POISON, MAKE THE SICK WELL. EDWARD IV SURVIVED THE EFFECTS OF A POISONED WOUND, DUE SOLELY TO A BEZOAR IN HIS POSSESSION.

QUEEN ELIZABETH THE FIRST HAD A BEZOAR SET IN GOLD, WITH UNICORN'S HORN, GIVEN TO HER BY JOHN DEE, HER SPY AND MAGICIAN.

FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE, APOTHECARIES WOULD LEND OUT BEZOARS AT EXTORTIONATE RATES, FOR A WEEK, OR A FORTNIGHT...

WILL YOU *SHUT UP*? *I* HAVEN'T WRITTEN A *WORD* IN A *YEAR*--*NOTHING* I HAVEN'T THROWN AWAY! DO YOU *KNOW* WHAT THAT'S *LIKE*?

WHEN IT'S *JUST* YOU, AND A BLANK SHEET OF PAPER?

WHEN YOU CAN'T THINK OF A *SINGLE* THING WORTH SAYING, A SINGLE *CHARACTER* THAT PEOPLE COULD *BELIEVE* IN, A SINGLE *STORY* THAT HASN'T BEEN TOLD A *THOUSAND* TIMES BEFORE...

OH YES. RAPUNZEL, LET DOWN YOUR HAIRBALL. A GENUINE TRICHINO-BEZOAR. THE SMELL COMES FROM THE PARTLY DIGESTED PARTICLES OF FOOD, TRAPPED IN--

I'M SORRY. I'M LECTURING AGAIN. AN OLD WRITER WITH NO ONE TO TALK TO GETS FOND OF THE SOUND OF HIS OWN VOICE...

OF *COURSE* I KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE. DON'T BE A FOOL, BOY.

LET ME SEE MY ***PRESENT.***

I WILL PUT THE BEZOAR WITH THE REST OF THEM. I SUPPOSE THAT YOU WANT HER NOW.

DID YOU BRING ANY CLOTHES?

CLOTHES? I DIDN'T KNOW I...

NEVER MIND. I HAVE AN OLD COAT YOU MAY USE.

I CAUGHT HER ON MOUNT HELICON, YOU KNOW. 1927. GREECE. I WAS 27. I'LL BE 87 NEXT YEAR.

SHE WAS BATHING IN A SPRING, AND I CAUGHT HER AND BOUND HER WITH MOLY--SORCERER'S GARLIC, AS IT'S SOMETIMES CALLED -- AND WITH CERTAIN RITUALS.

THE HARDEST PART WAS GETTING HER BACK TO ENGLAND.

THEY SAY ONE OUGHT TO ***WOO*** HER KIND, BUT I MUST SAY I FOUND ***FORCE*** MOST EFFICACIOUS...

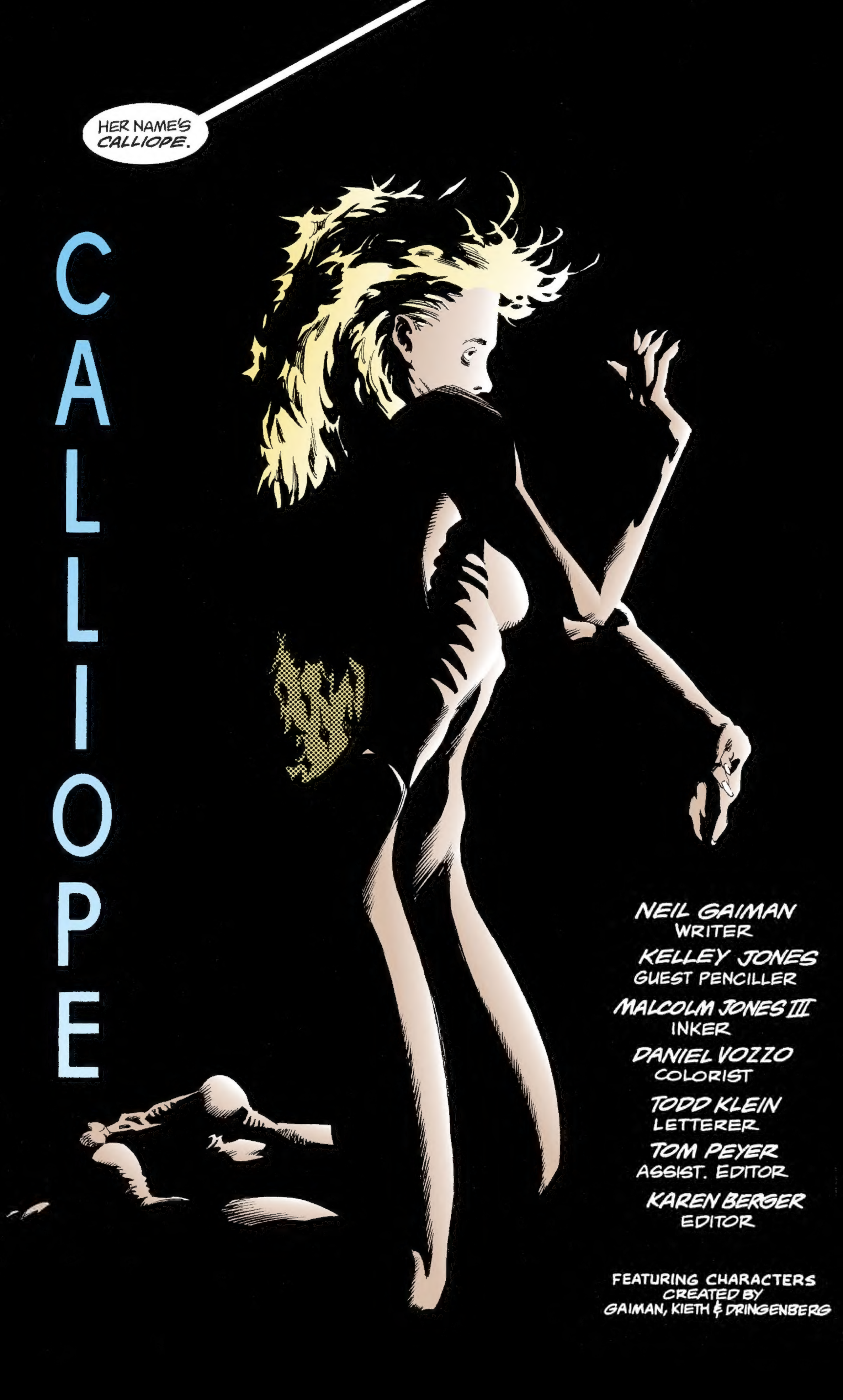
AFTER ALL, I GOT THE FAME AND THE GLORY. I CREATED THE NOVELS, THE POEMS, THE PLAYS...

I DON'T ***NEED*** HER ANY MORE, MADOC. AND ***YOU*** DO.

HERE SHE IS.

HER NAME'S CALLIOPE.

CALLIOPE



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WHAT WOULD YOU WITH ME NOW, ERASMUS? AM I NOW TO PERFORM FOR YOUR AMUSEMENT? IS THIS MAN TO BE OUR AUDIENCE?

DON'T GET YOURSELF ALL WORKED UP, CALLIOPE.

NO, *THIS* IS RICHARD MADOC. HE'S A NOVELIST--OR AT LEAST, HE'S WRITTEN ONE *EXTREMELY* SUCCESSFUL FIRST NOVEL, AND HAS FOUND HIMSELF QUITE UNABLE TO WRITE ANYTHING ELSE.

RICHARD, *THIS* IS *CALLIOPE*. THE YOUNGEST OF THE NINE MUSES. SHE WAS *HOMER'S* MUSE, SO SHE *OUGHT* TO BE GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU.

CALLIOPE, I'M GIVING YOU TO RICHARD. YOU'RE *HIS* NOW.

BUT YOU SAID--YOU TOLD ME, YOU *PROMISED* THAT YOU WOULD *FREE* ME BEFORE YOU DIED. YOU SAID I COULD HAVE MY FREEDOM...

PUT NOT YOUR TRUST IN PRINCES, MY DEAR.

NOR IN AN AGING AUTHOR WHO HAS NEVER BEEN WHAT ONE MIGHT CALL A *SHINING* EXAMPLE WHEN IT CAME TO KEEPING HIS *WORD*...

WRITERS ARE *LIARS*, MY DEAR. SURELY YOU HAVE REALIZED THAT BY *NOW*?

TAKE THE LITTLE COW *AWAY*, MADOC. I NEVER WANT TO SEE *EITHER* OF YOU AGAIN.

HOWEVER, IF YOU EVER HAPPEN TO FEEL A SPARK OF GRATITUDE, YOU MIGHT WANT TO PERSUADE SOME PUBLISHER TO BRING *"HERE COMES A CANDLE"* BACK INTO PRINT.

I WAS *PARTICULARLY* PROUD OF THAT ONE.

AND MADOC TOOK CALLIOPE BACK TO HIS HOME, AND LOCKED HER IN THE TOPMOST ROOM, WHICH HE HAD PREPARED FOR HER.

HIS FIRST ACTION WAS TO RAPE HER, NERVOUSLY, ON THE MUSTY OLD CAMP BED.

SHE'S NOT EVEN HUMAN, HE TOLD HIMSELF. *SHE'S THOUSANDS OF YEARS OLD.* BUT HER FLESH WAS WARM, AND HER BREATH WAS SWEET, AND SHE CHOKED BACK TEARS LIKE A CHILD WHENEVER HE HURT HER.

IT OCCURRED TO HIM MOMENTARILY THAT THE OLD MAN MIGHT HAVE CHEATED HIM: GIVEN HIM A REAL GIRL. THAT HE, RICK MADOC, MIGHT POSSIBLY HAVE DONE SOMETHING WRONG, EVEN CRIMINAL...

BUT AFTERWARDS, RELAXING IN HIS STUDY, SOMETHING SHIFTED INSIDE HIS HEAD.

HE SWITCHED ON THE WORD PROCESSOR TO WRITE IT DOWN BEFORE IT FLED.

CHAPTER THREE.
"AND SOME IN VELVET GOWNS"

"Your face," he said to her. "What have you done to your face?"

Marion shrugged. "I wanted to look on the outside like I do on the inside," she said simply, not putting down the knife.

HE HAD BEEN WRITING FOR THREE HOURS BEFORE HE SURFACED ENOUGH TO REALIZE THAT HE HAD BEGUN HIS SECOND NOVEL.

GRACIOUS LADIES, MOTHER OF THE CAMENAE, HEAR MY PRAYER.

MELETE, MNEME, AIODE, ATTEND MY SUPPLICATION.

IT IS I, YOUR DAUGHTER CALLIOPE, WHO CALLS YOU, AS I HAVE CALLED YOU A THOUSAND TIMES. I...

I *IMPLORE* YOU, LADIES, DELIVER ME FROM THIS PLACE AND THIS TIME.

TO ***WHOM*** CAN I SPEAK, IN MY GRIEF? I WHO AM LADEN WITH WRETCHEDNESS. LADIES OF MEDITATION, REMEMBRANCE AND SONG...

...HEARKEN TO ME.

ALL RIGHT. ***ENOUGH***, BEAUTIFUL VOICE. WHY DO YOU CALL US?

WE FEEL YOUR PAIN, DAUGHTER, BUT WE CANNOT HELP YOU.

YOU WERE SNARED UPON HELICON ACCORDING TO THE MYSTERIES. YOU ARE LAWFULLY BOUND.

BUT IT IS NOT ***JUST***, MY MOTHERS. I CAN BEAR THIS BURDEN NO MORE.

IS THERE ***NOTHING*** YOU CAN DO? ***NO ONE*** WHO CAN INTERCEDE ON MY BEHALF?

THERE ARE ***FEW*** OF THE OLD POWERS WILLING OR ABLE TO MEDDLE IN MORTAL AFFAIRS IN THESE DAYS, CALLIOPE.

MANY GODS HAVE DIED, MY DAUGHTER; WHILE ASPECTS OF OTHER GODS HAVE BEEN LOST FOREVER.

HEHH. ONLY THE ENDLESS WILL NEVER DIE--AND EVEN ***THEY*** ARE HAVING A DIFFICULT TIME OF LATE.

STILL, EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS, AS THE OLD WOMAN SAID WHEN SHE PISSED IN THE SEA.

THE *ENDLESS*-- NOW, *THERE'S* A THOUGHT. AFTER ALL, THE DREAM-KING AND CALLIOPE WERE CLOSE, LONG AGO. FOR A SHORT WHILE. *WEREN'T* YOU, MY PET?

NOT FOR LONG. AND REMEMBER, SISTER-SELF, THEY DID *NOT* PART ON THE BEST OF TERMS.

BUT SHE *DID* BEAR HIS CUB.

THAT BOY-CHILD WHO WENT TO HADES FOR HIS LADY-LOVE, AND DIED IN THRACE, TORN APART BY THE SISTERS OF THE FRENZY, FOR HIS SACRILEGE.

NOT *HIM*. NOT AFTER WHAT HE *DID* TO ME. HE HATES ME FOR THAT, AND I DESPISE HIM. I *WOULD NOT* ACCEPT HIS HELP.

FOOLISH CHILD. ONEIROS IS IN NO POSITION TO HELP YOU, EVEN IF HE *WISHED* TO -- WHICH IS UNLIKELY, TO PUT IT MILDLY.

YOU SEE, JUST LIKE YOU, CALLIOPE, YOUR ONE-TIME ADMIRER HAS BEEN ENSNARED BY MORTALS.

AND WHILE *YOU* ARE IMPRISONED IN YOUR *TOWER*, *HE* IS IMMURED *BENEATH* THE GROUND.

I AM *SORRY*, MY LITTLE ONE. YOUR PRAYERS WERE WASTED. THERE IS NOTHING WE CAN DO FOR YOU, AND NOTHING *YOU* CAN DO BUT HOPE.

NO--*PLEASE*, COME BACK, PLEASE. THERE MUST BE *SOMETHING*, THERE MUST BE *SOMEONE* WHO CAN FREE ME...

PLEASE... SEND *SOME*ONE... *ANY*ONE...

EVEN ONEIROS.

IT HAD BEEN HER OWN FAULT.

SPRING, 1927. MOUNT HELICON.

SHE HAD ONLY RETURNED FOR A BRIEF TIME, LURED PERHAPS BY NOSTALGIA...

SHE HAD LAID DOWN HER SCROLL, AND WAS BATHING IN A CLEAR POOL, REMEMBERING THE LOST, GOLDEN DAYS: WHEN THE NINE WERE STILL SOUGHT AND WOOED AND NEEDED...

WHEN THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES STILL ECHOED IN MORTAL SOULS.

IN ONE HAND HE HELD MOLY FLOWERS, THAT HAD POWER OVER HER KIND, AND IN HIS OTHER HAND HELD HER SCROLL.

WHICH ONE ARE YOU? HE HAD ASKED HER.

CALLIOPE, SHE TOLD HIM.

KALL-I-OH-PEE, HE HAD ECHOED, AS IF HE WERE TASTING HER NAME.

AND THEN HE SMILED. WELL, HE SAID, YOU CAN CALL ME MASTER.

AND THEN HE BURNED HER SCROLL.

HEY! GREAT NEWS! I'VE FINISHED THE NOVEL. IT'S CALLED "*MY LOVE SHE GAVE ME LIGHT.*" TWO DRAFTS IN FIVE WEEKS. AND IT'S ALL GOOD STUFF.

I AM PLEASED FOR YOU. NOW WILL YOU LET ME GO?

ARE YOU *OUT* OF YOUR *MIND*? THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING. COME HERE, GORGEOUS. LET'S MAKE TWO AND A HALF MINUTES OF SQUELCHING NOISES.

PLEASE, MADOC. LET ME GO. STOP FORCING ME TO DO THESE THINGS.

LISTEN. YOU'RE MY POSSESSION, UNTIL I TELL YOU THAT YOU'RE FREE. DON'T FORGET IT.

YOU'RE MY *PERSONAL* MUSE, SWEETHEART. NOW.

LET'S PARTY.

MAY, 1987.

REALLY, JOHN, I DON'T SEE ANY WAY THAT A WORK OF GENRE FICTION COULD BE NOMINATED FOR THE BOOKER PRIZE.

WELL, I FEEL IN THE LIGHT OF HIS *LATEST* NOVEL THAT MADOC'S WORK *HAS* TO BE SEEN AS *TRANSCENDING* GENRE. IT'S AS IF IT WERE WRITTEN BY A DIFFERENT MAN.

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL BOOK. QUITE REMARKABLE. I MEAN, THE SHEER RICHNESS OF THE MATERIAL...

MADOC

AND MY

"...AND MY LOVE GAVE ME

BY RIC

BY RIC MADOC

I LOVED YOUR CHARACTERIZATION OF AILEEN. THERE AREN'T ENOUGH STRONG WOMEN IN FICTION.

ACTUALLY, I *DO* TEND TO REGARD MYSELF AS A FEMINIST WRITER.

SO TELL ME-- WHERE DO YOU GET YOUR IDEAS?

JUNE, 1987.

HARVEY, THE ONLY CONDITION UNDER WHICH I'D BE WILLING TO DO A SCREENPLAY FOR YOU OF "...AND MY LOVE," WOULD BE IF *I* COULD DIRECT IT.

LET ME PUT THIS *SIMPLY* FOR YOU, RIC. IM*POSS*IBLE.

MARCH, 1988.

WHEN THEY *SAID* IN THE TLS THAT YOU COULD BE CONSIDERED THE *GREATEST* EPIC POET SINCE BYRON--

IT SURPRISED THE HELL OUT OF ME. I SAW "*THE SPIRIT WHO HAD HALF OF EVERYTHING*" AS A LIGHTWEIGHT PROJECT BETWEEN REAL BOOKS...

I WAS HONESTLY SURPRISED WHEN MY PUBLISHER AGREED TO TAKE IT.

OCTOBER, 1988.

LOOK, HARRY, IT'S *NOTHING* THAT YOU'VE *DONE*. IT'S JUST THAT THE WILLIAM MORRIS AGENCY CAN LOOK AFTER MY INTERESTS BETTER. *THEY'VE* GOT CONTACTS YOU HAVEN'T.

BUT YOU'VE STILL GOT THE FIRST THREE NOVELS AND THE POETRY COLLECTION TO HANDLE...

DON'T BE LIKE THAT, HARRY.

FEBRUARY, 1989.

THANK YOU, ALL OF YOU, *SO* MUCH. YOU KNOW, WHEN I FIRST TOLD MY AGENT I WAS PLANNING TO WRITE A PLAY, HE SAID RIC, YOU'RE CRAZY.

SO I GOT A NEW AGENT. *HA HA HA.*

APRIL, 1989.

...WE'VE BEEN ACTIVELY DISCUSSING YOUR ORIGINAL OFFER TO WRITE A SCREENPLAY, IF WE LET YOU DIRECT. I'M PLEASED TO TELL YOU THAT--

HARVEY, IT'S TOO LATE. I'VE ALREADY SIGNED A THREE-FILM DEAL IN THE U.S. BUT *THANKS*, Y'KNOW.

MAY, 1989.

RIC MADOC BUYS A NEW HOUSE, IN CHELSEA. HE'S BUSY ON PRE-PRODUCTION FOR THE FILM, AND MOST OF THE MOVING IS DONE FOR HIM.

HE MOVES HIS MOST VALUABLE POSSESSION HIMSELF, THOUGH, LATE ONE SPRING NIGHT.

SEPTEMBER, 1989.

NO. NO, I LIKE HOLLYWOOD WELL ENOUGH, BUT I'M REALLY PLEASED TO BE GOING HOME. TWO MONTHS AWAY IS ENOUGH FOR ME.

HI! IN CASE YOU'VE JUST TUNED IN, I'M TALKING TO RIC MADOC, WRITER, POET AND SOON-TO-BE FILM DIRECTOR, ABOUT HIS NEW EPIC NOVEL, "*EAGLE STONES*"!!

OCTOBER, 1989.

VID KING 2

TRAILERS

FISHER

...WRITER OF THE BEST-SELLING NOVEL, "*EAGLE STONES*," TALKED TO US ABOUT HIS EXTRA-ORDINARY NEW FILM, "*...AND THE MADNESS OF CROWDS*," AND WE'LL BE SHOWING SOME EX*CLUS*IVE FOOTAGE.

THAT'S *ALL*... AFTER THIS SHORT BREAK.

MARCH, 1990

RIC MADOC'S "...AND THE MADNESS OF CROWDS"

NOMINATED FOR 3 OSCARS, BEST ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY, BEST DIRECTOR, BEST PICTURE

OH. IT'S YOU.

THEY... THEY *TOLD* ME THAT YOU HAD BEEN IMPRISONED. JUST LIKE ME.

They spoke the truth. I was imprisoned. But, as you can see, I am free now.

THEN *PLEASE* -- BY THE LOVE I ONCE HAD FOR YOU. BY -- WHATEVER YOU FELT FOR ME. PLEASE.

MAKE HIM GIVE ME MY FREEDOM. MAKE HIM LET ME *GO*.

the booknook

BBC

ALTHOUGH YOU'VE BEEN COMPARED TO THE MULTI-TALENTED JEAN COCTEAU, AND TO A LESSER EXTENT TO WRITER-DIRECTORS LIKE CLIVE BARKER...

...IT SEEMS TO ME THAT THE CREATOR WHO PERHAPS YOU MOST RESEMBLE IS THE LATE 1940'S CULT FIGURE, ERASMUS FRY...

EXCUSE ME --YOU SAID "*THE LATE*." HE'S DEAD?

LAST SUMMER. DID YOU KNOW HIM?

I DIDN'T *KNOW* HIM. WE *MET*...ON A COUPLE OF OCCASIONS. HE WAS... *INTERESTED* IN MY WORK.

AH. ANYWAY, LIKE YOU, FRY WAS ABOVE ALL A CREATOR OF EPICS, OF HUGE, TOWERING ROMANCES...

...WENT VERY WELL, I THOUGHT. IT'LL BE BROADCAST IN JUNE--WE'LL LET YOU KNOW THE EXACT DATE.

THANKS. I SUPPOSE FRY MUST HAVE DIED WHILE I WAS SHOOTING IN THE *U.S.* OLD AGE, I SUPPOSE. HE *MUST'VE* BEEN ALMOST NINETY.

OH NO. HE *POISONED* HIMSELF.

IT'S QUITE FUNNY. APPARENTLY THE LAST THING HE DID WAS WRITE A LETTER TO HIS OLD PUBLISHERS, *BEGGING* THEM TO BRING ONE OF HIS BOOKS BACK INTO PRINT...

"HERE COMES A CANDLE," I SUPPOSE.

I THINK THAT WAS IT. HOW DID YOU GUESS?

IT WAS A GOOD BOOK. PERHAPS MY *FAVORITE* BOOK, WHEN I WAS GROWING UP. VERY MOVING, AND HONEST, AND STRANGE.

POOR OLD SOD.

CHRIST! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY HOUSE? WHO LET YOU IN?

Nobody let me in, Richard Madoc.

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BUT I WANT YOU OUT OF HERE, **NOW**, OR I'M CALLING THE POLICE.

Be quiet.

You are keeping a woman imprisoned here, Richard Madoc. Keeping her against her will.

I have come to request that you set her free.

ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND? THERE'S NO WOMAN HERE. NOW GET OUT OF HERE! DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM? THERE--THERE'S A LAW AGAINST PEOPLE LIKE YOU!

ARE YOU GOING TO CALL THE POLICE? IS THAT IT?

No. I will not call any human agency.

Just let her go.

BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND-- I NEED HER. IF I DIDN'T HAVE HER, I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO WRITE. I WOULDN'T HAVE IDEAS.

I CAN'T FREE HER YET. NOT NOW. MAYBE IN A YEAR OR SO.

LOOK, I HAVE MONEY--AN AWFUL LOT OF MONEY--AND...

Hold your tongue.

She has been held captive for more than sixty years. Stripped of all possessions. Demeaned, abused, and hurt.

I... know how she must feel.

And you will not free her because "You need the ideas?"

You disgust me, Richard Madoc.

You want ideas? You want dreams? You want stories?

Then ideas you will have. IDEAS IN ABUNDANCE.

UHHHNN.

I JUST HAD THIS WEIRD DREAM...WHAT DO YOU *KNOW* ABOUT IT? *HUH*? ARE *YOU* DOING THAT? GIVING ME NIGHTMARES?

ARE YOU *DOING* IT?

TELL ME!

TELL ME, OR SO HELP ME, I'LL, I'LL...

NO, I AM NOT DOING IT, RICHARD MADOC.

YOU HAVE MET *ONEIROS*, WHOM THE ROMANS CALLED THE SHAPER OF FORM.

HE WAS ONCE MY LOVER, AND HE WAS THE FATHER OF MY SON.

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU'D EVER HAD A SON.

YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT ME, RICHARD MADOC.

I AM REAL, RICHARD. I AM MORE THAN A RECEPTACLE FOR YOUR SEED, OR AN INSPIRATION FOR YOUR TALES.

STILL, IT IS TOO LATE NOW TO LET THAT CONCERN YOU.

GOODBYE, RICHARD MADOC. ENJOY YOUR PARTY.

A *TIME OUT*, PLEASE. AND A *STANDARD*.

RIGHT-HO. SAW YOU ON THE TELLY THE OTHER NIGHT. I SAID TO MY WIFE, HE BUYS PAPERS FROM ME. SHE SAID, HE NEVER, I SAID, HE DOES. ONE TWENTY, PLEASE.

AH... I'M GOING TO A PARTY...

YOU KNOW, I COULD WRITE A WHOLE STORY SET AT A PARTY. POSSIBLY SOMETHING COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO THE WORLD OUTSIDE--A HOLOCAUST OF SOME KIND...

THESE PEOPLE ARE PARTYING AGAINST THE DARKNESS.

HERE! MISTER MADOC! THAT'S ONE POUND TWENTY YOU OWE ME!

THE FRATERNITY OF CRITICS. IN REALITY A DARK BRETHREN, LINKED BY PROFANE RITES AND BLOOD VOWS. TO DESTROY AN AUTHOR THEY SACRIFICE A CHILD AND PERFORM A CRITICAL MASS...

A CITY IN WHICH THE STREETS ARE PAVED WITH TIME.

A TRAIN FULL OF SILENT WOMEN, PLOWING FOREVER THROUGH THE TWILIGHT.

HEADS MADE OF LIGHT. A SMALL PIECE OF BLUE CARDBOARD. A PLUM, SWEET AND TART AND COLD. A WERE-GOLDFISH WHO TRANSFORMS INTO A WOLF AT FULL MOON.

TWO OLD WOMEN TAKING A WEASEL ON HOLIDAY.

GRYPHONS SHOULDN'T MARRY. VAMPIRES DON'T DANCE.

A MAN WHO INHERITS A LIBRARY CARD TO THE LIBRARY IN ALEXANDRIA.

A ROSE BUSH, A NIGHTINGALE, AND A BLACK RUBBER DOG-COLLAR.

A MAN WHO FALLS IN LOVE WITH A PAPER DOLL.

THE SUN SETTING OVER THE PARTHENON. SHARK'S TEETH SOUP.

IS SOMETHING WRONG? I'M A DOCTOR. STAND BACK, PLEASE.

GOOD GRIEF--RICHARD MADOC!

WHAT'S THE *MATTER*, OLD FELLOW?

I'M JUST HAVING IDEAS. SO MANY...

AN OLD MAN IN SUNDERLAND WHO OWNED THE UNIVERSE, AND WHO KEPT IT IN A JAM-JAR IN THE DUSTY CUPBOARD UNDER HIS STAIRS...

MY HOME IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER. LEAN ON ME. DO YOU REMEMBER ME--FELIX GARRISON?

IT'S THE IDEAS. WHERE WE GET THEM FROM. A SESTINA ABOUT SILENCE, USING THE KEY WORDS DARK, RAGGED, NEVER, SCREAMING, FIRE, KISS.

FELIX GARRISON F.R.C.S.

COME ON INSIDE. YOU'LL HAVE TO TELL ME WHAT'S THE MATTER. *SOON* HAVE YOU FEELING BETTER.

GOD--WHAT DID YOU DO TO TO YOUR *HANDS?*

A BIOGRAPHY OF KEATS, FROM THE LAMIA'S VIEWPOINT...

ALL THE PICTURES IN MY HEAD. I HAD TO GET THEM DOWN, BUT I DIDN'T HAVE ANY PAPER, OR INK. SO I USED THE WALL.

AND MY FINGERTIPS.

ALL THE IDEAS, INSIDE. ALL THE PICTURES AND POEMS AND TALES AND SONGS AND PLAYS AND SPEECHES AND FRAGMENTS... THEY'RE ALL COMING OUT. YOU MUST HELP ME.

I'LL GIVE YOU A SEDATIVE, AND BANDAGE THOSE FINGERS.

NO! NO... I'M SORRY. NOTHING LIKE THAT.

IT'S HER REVENGE, YOU SEE. OR HIS REVENGE. I SAID I NEEDED THE IDEAS -- BUT THEY'RE COMING SO FAST, SWAMPING ME, OVER-WHELMING ME...

YOU HAVE TO MAKE THEM STOP.

HERE -- THIS WILL CALM YOUR NERVES.

NO! I TOLD YOU.

LOOK -- GO TO MY HOUSE. THE KEYS ARE IN MY POCKET IF -- IF YOU CAN TAKE THEM OUT FOR ME. I DON'T THINK I CAN USE MY HANDS ANYMORE.

GO UPSTAIRS. AT THE TOP OF THE HOUSE THERE'S A ROOM. THERE'S A WOMAN IN THERE.

LET HER OUT. SHE'S LOCKED UP IN THERE, YOU SEE.

TELL HER -- TELL HER SHE CAN GO. THAT I FREE HER. MAKE HER LEAVE. ***MAKE HER GO AWAY.***

I SIGNED A *BOOK* FOR YOU ONCE, DIDN'T I?

OH *GOD*. PLEASE.

ALL RIGHT. STAY HERE. I'LL BE BACK SOON.

MAKE IT STOP. TELL HER I'M SORRY.

MAGICAL AND ALCHEMICAL TRADITIONS SEEN AS A CARGO CULT; AUREOLUS THEOPHRASTUS BOMBASTES PARACELSUS AND RAYMOND LULLI WERE THE SAME MAN.

UM. HELLO?

IS THERE, UM, ANYONE HERE? HE SAYS-- RIC, UH, SAYS YOU'RE FREE TO GO. HELLO?

HERE COMES A CANDLE BY ERASMUS FRY

SHE WAS HIS MUSE-- AND THE SLAVE OF HIS LUST!

SO. IT'S OVER. THANK YOU.

What will you do now, Calliope?

I DON'T KNOW. RETURN TO THE MINDS OF HUMANITY, I SUSPECT. MY TIME IS OVER, AND THIS AGE OF THE WORLD IS NOT MY AGE.

YOU HAVE *CHANGED*, ONEIROS. IN THE OLD DAYS, YOU WOULD HAVE LEFT ME TO ROT FOREVER, WITHOUT TURNING A HAIR...

DO YOU STILL *HATE* ME? FOR WHAT I DID?

No. I no longer hate you, Calliope. I have learned much in recent times, and...

No matter. I do not hate you, child.

I THINK YOU *SHOULD* RELEASE THE MORTAL NOW. HE *HAS* SET ME FREE...

If that is what you wish, it is done.

MAYBE...

MAYBE I *COULD VISIT* YOU, IN THE DREAM REALM? IT WOULD BE NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN. PROPERLY. WHAT DO YOU THINK?

I do not think that would be a good idea, Calliope.

NO. *NO*, PERHAPS IT WOULDN'T.

THANK YOU ANYWAY, ONEIROS. I WILL NOT FORGET THIS.

FARE YOU WELL, ONEIROS. *FORTUNE* GO WITH YOU.

Goodbye, Calliope.

I'VE DONE IT, RIC. UM, HOW ARE YOU FEELING NOW?

I...I DON'T KNOW ANY MORE. I KEEP TRYING TO THINK... ABOUT WHAT SHE SAID...

"THE SHAPER OF FORMS"... IT SEEMS LIKE IT SHOULD *MEAN* SOMETHING...

THERE WAS NO ONE THERE. IN THE ROOM. THERE WAS JUST A BOOK.

I DON'T KNOW... IT DOESN'T CONNECT WITH ANYTHING... IT'S A NAME...

I WISH I COULD REMEMBER.

IT'S SO HARD TO THINK...

...MORPHEUS? ...ORPHEUS?...ONE OF THOSE...

YOU CAN TAKE IT WITH YOU TO THE *HOSPITAL*, RICHARD.

SHE'S GONE, YOU SEE. AND IT'S ALL GONE WITH HER. EVERYTHING. ALL OF THEM, ALL THE DREAMS...

NO... I CAN'T REMEMBER. I'VE LOST IT...

IT'S GONE.

I'VE GOT NO IDEA ANY MORE.

NO IDEA AT ALL.

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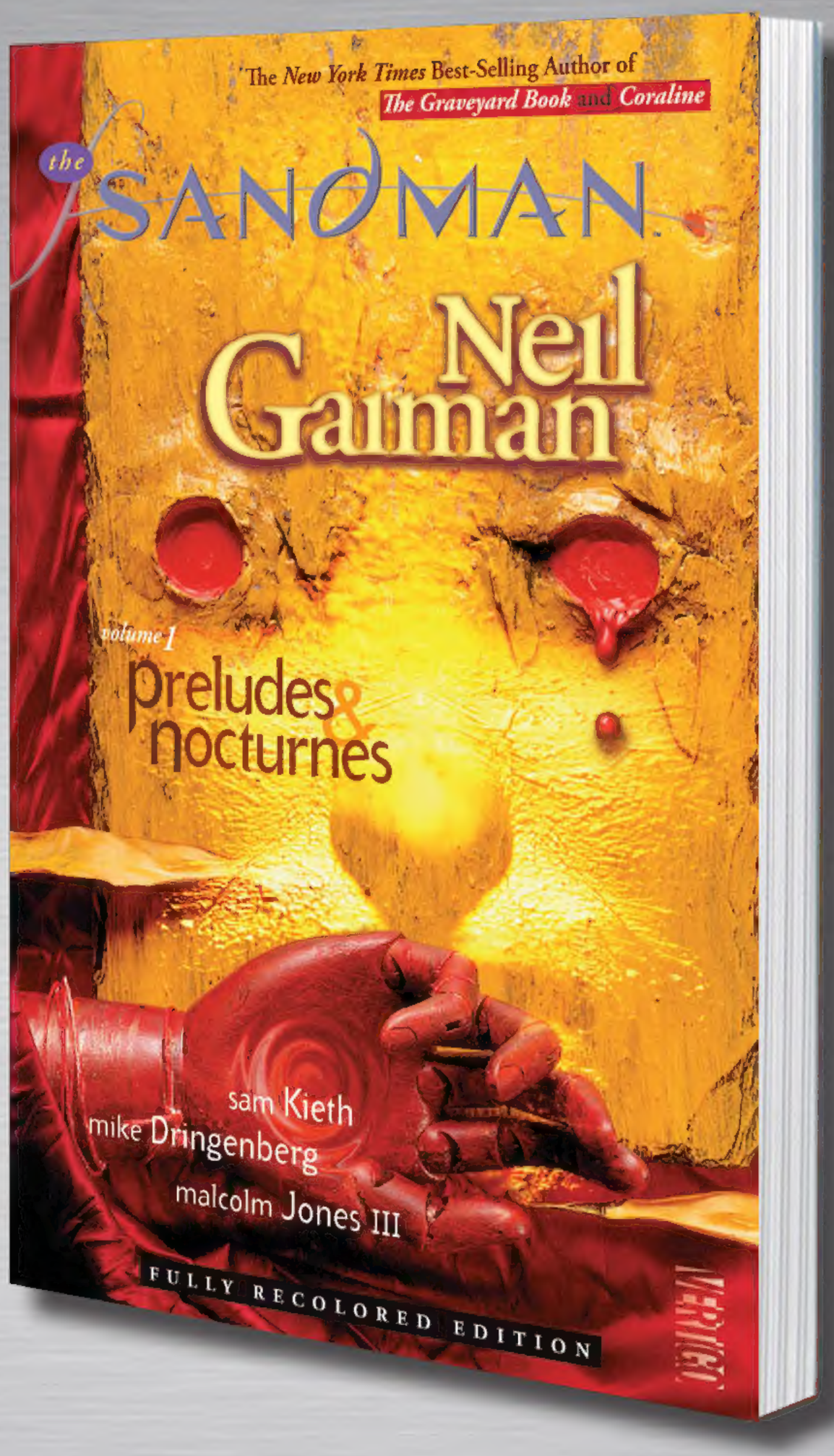

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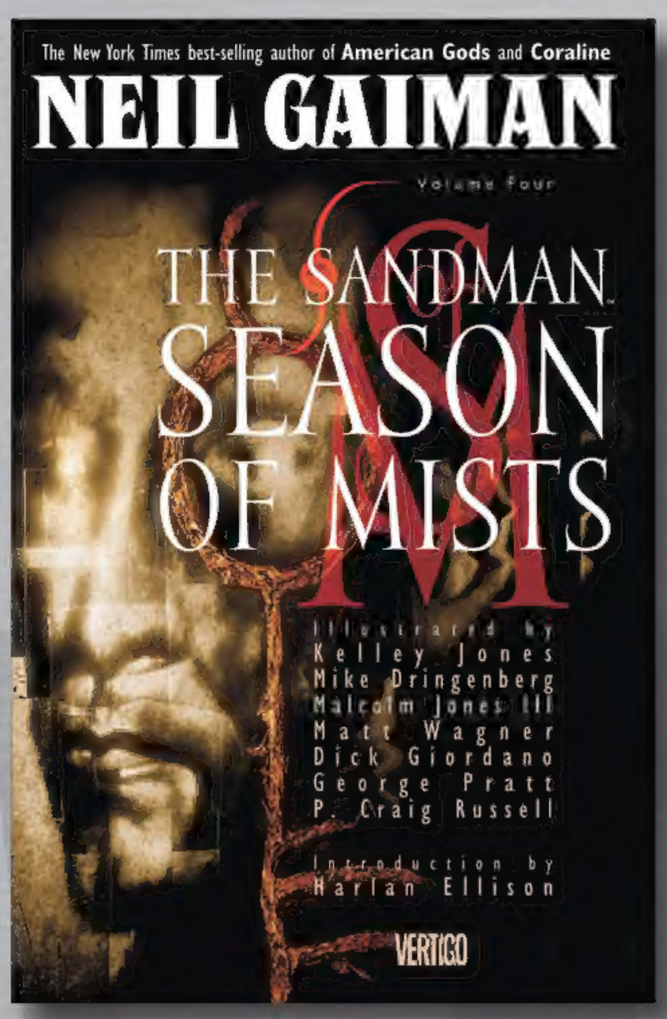

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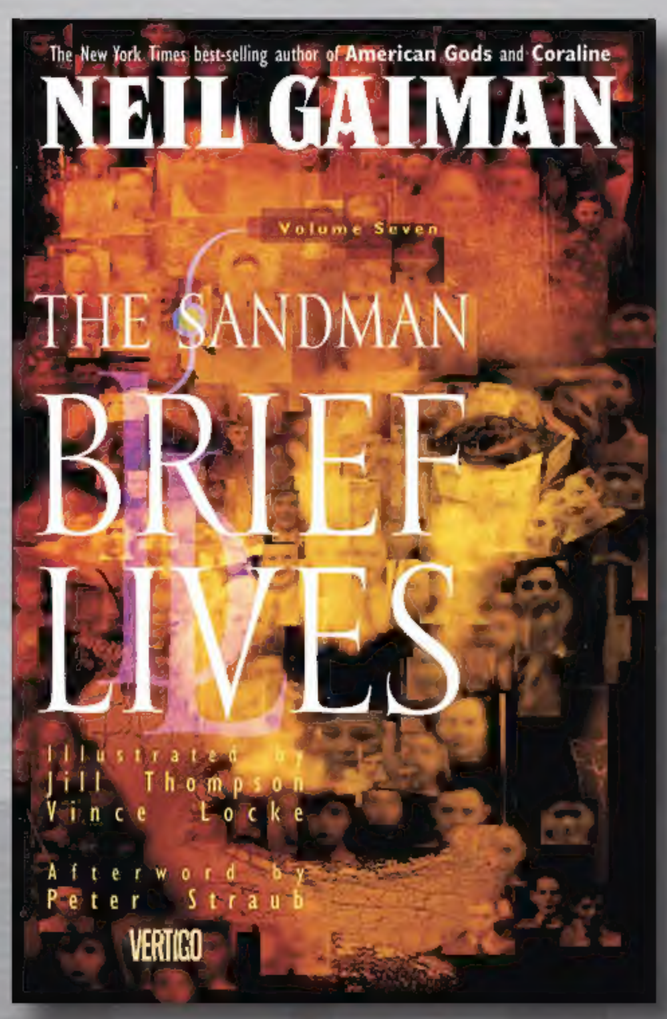

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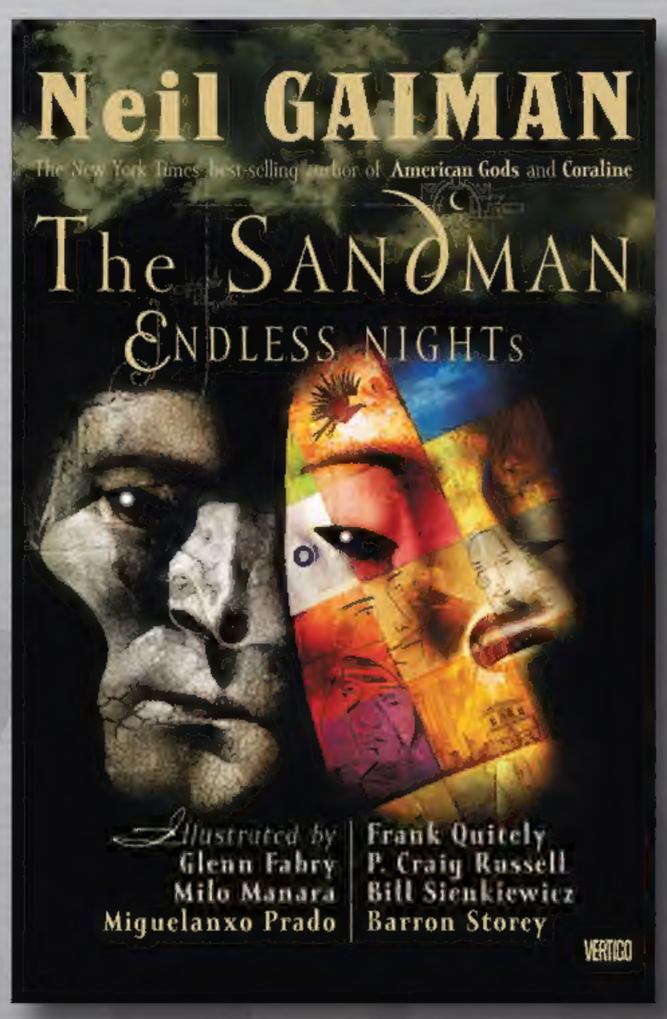

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